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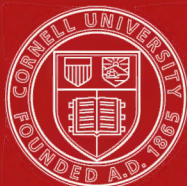
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**Oration on Voltaire,**



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VICTOR HUGO'S  
ORATION ON VOLTAIRE,

*Delivered at Paris, May 30th, 1878—the One Hundredth  
Anniversary of his Death.*

TRANSLATED BY  
JAMES PARTON,  
*Author of "The Life of Voltaire."*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

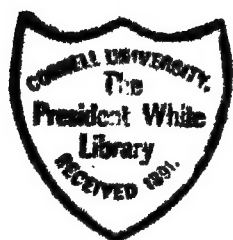
THE THREE GREAT POEMS,

FROM

GOETHE, GEORGE ELIOT AND LONGFELLOW.

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NEW YORK :  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS OF "MAN,"  
A Liberal Journal of Progress and Reform,  
No. 744 BROADWAY.  
A. D. 1883. — E. M. 283.



NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Feb. 12, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I send Victor Hugo's wonderful Discourse, as per request, and shall be pleased to see it printed for the first time in the English language. Of all the things that I was obliged to leave out of my Life of Voltaire from want of room, I lamented most the absence of this prodigious and salutary utterance. I do believe that the pacific attitude of the French nation, and the pacific tone of the French press, during the late Egyptian crisis, was due, in a great measure, to the influence of this high argument for peace and brotherly co-operation.

Print it, my dear MAN; print it in your valuable paper. Circulate it. Spread it abroad over the land. No man can read it without feeling the vast absurdity of human beings' doing anything but to pity, love, and help one another.

Ever Yours,                    JAMES PARTON.





## THE GRAND ORATION.

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This oration of Victor Hugo brings out in clear contrast a strange contradiction. Our progress is but an evolution from and at the same time it is a revolt against the past.

The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

---

"Yet the mighty dead still rule us from their urns."

This apparent contradiction exists because the peoples are not as yet familiar with the law of evolution in social progress. The picture of a child imprisoned within the ribs of a skeleton is the picture of the world that many have for want of this conception of time and growth. They revolt against the order of time, because time is not solid, and is only visible to the eye of the intellect.

Therefore such revolts have been necessary. They are the great revolutions and social volcanoes of which Paris has been the favorite crater in Europe. Hugo's great soul has seized the lights and shadows of the great catastrophes of the last century, and, as poet, orator, and painter, has made their meaning visible to mankind forever in his wonderful oration.

It is a warning, a consecration, and a hope. It tells that progress is the only condition of human safety. It consecrates the noble Voltaire who made its conditions possible. It is a prophecy of hope and peace in evolution under the light of knowledge and love. It is the inspiration of every liberated soul to realize this aspiration for "peace on

earth and good wil to men," which rises immeasurably higher than any Christian myth ever dreamed.

The magnificent word painting of this oration and its inspiration is one of the highest points humanity has ever reached. We ar at a loss to find anything superior to it. Compare with it the great orations of Pericles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Mirabeau, Henry, Webster, or that peerless pearl, the consecration of the dead at Gëttysburgh, of Abraham Lincoln, and you wil feel that those mighty voices were limited by local and temporary interests and feelings.

Hugo has spoken for all the races of earth and for all time. He has realized to the heart and eye humanity's heaven of progress sustained by all of the powers of the good in the human soul. To those who can but catch a glimpse of its mighty meaning it wil be a treasure forever. No one can read and understand it and be the same person he was before.

T. B. W.



# Discours pour Voltaire

PAR

VICTOR HUGO.

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*Centenaire de Voltaire, Paris, 30 Mai, 1878.*

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Il y a cent ans aujourd'hui un homme mourait. Il mourait immortel. Il s'en allait chargé d'années, chargé d'œuvres, chargé de la plus illustre et de la plus redoutable des responsabilités, la responsabilité de la conscience humaine avertie et rectifiée. Il s'en allait maudit et béni, maudit par le passé, béni par l'avenir, et ce sont là, messieurs, les deux formes superbes de la gloire. Il avait à son lit de mort, d'un côté l'acclamation des contemporains et de la postérité, de l'autre ce triomphe de huée et de haine que l'implacable passé fait à ceux qui l'ont combattu. Il était plus qu'un homme, il était un siècle. Il avait exercé une fonction et rempli une mission. Il avait été évidemment élu pour l'œuvre qu'il avait fait par la suprême volonté qui se manifeste aussi visiblement dans les lois de la destinée que dans les lois de la nature. Les quatrevingt-quatre ans que cet homme a vécu occupent l'intervalle qui sépare la monarchie à son apogée de la révolution à son

## VICTOR HUGO'S **Oration on Voltaire.**

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*Delivered at Paris, May 30, 1878, the hundredth anniversary  
of Voltaire's death.*

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TRANSLATED BY JAMES PARTON.

( A hundred years ago to-day a man died. He died immortal. He departed laden with years, laden with works, laden with the most illustrious and the most fearful of responsibilities, the responsibility of the human conscience informed and rectified. He went cursed and blessed, cursed by the past, blessed by the future; and these, gentlemen, are the two superb forms of glory.) On his death bed he had, on the one hand, the acclaim of contemporaries and of posterity; on the other, that triumph of hooting and of hate which the implacable past bestows upon those who have combatted it. He was more than a man; he was an age. He had exercised a function and fulfilled a mission. He had been evidently chosen for the work which he had done, by the supreme will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature.)

The eighty-four years which this man lived occupy the interval that separates the monarchy at its apogee from

aurore. Quand il naquit Louis XIV régnait encore, quand il mourut Louis XVI régnait déjà, de sorte que son berceau put voir les derniers rayons du grand trône et son cercueil les premières lueurs du grand abîme. (*Applaudissements.*)

Avant d'aller plus loin, entendons-nous, messieurs, sur le mot abîme; il y a de bons abîmes: ce sont les abîmes où s'écroule le mal. (*Bravo!*)

Messieurs, puisque je me suis interrompu, trouvez bon que je complète ma pensée. Aucune parole imprudente ou malsaine ne sera prononcée ici. Nous sommes ici pour faire acte de civilisation. Nous sommes ici pour faire l'affirmation du progrès, pour donner réception aux philosophes des bienfaits de la philosophie, pour apporter au dix-huitième siècle le témoignage du dix-neuvième, pour honorer les magnanimes combattants et les bons serviteurs, pour féliciter le noble effort des peuples, l'industrie, la science, la vaillante marche en avant, le travail, pour cimenter la concorde humaine, en un mot pour glorifier la paix, cette sublime volonté universelle. La paix est la vertu de la civilisation, la guerre en est le crime. (*Applaudissements.*)

Nous sommes ici, dans ce grand moment, dans cette heure solennelle, pour nous incliner religieusement devant la loi morale, et pour dire au monde qui écoute la France, ceci: Il n'y a qu'une puissance, la conscience au service de la justice; et il n'y a qu'une gloire, la génie au service de la vérité. (*Mouvement.*)

Cela dit, je continue.

Avant la Révolution, messieurs, la construction sociale était ceci:

En bas, le peuple:

Au-dessus du peuple, la religion représentée par le clergé:

A côté de la religion, la justice représentée par la magistrature.

Et, à ce moment de la société humaine, qu'était-ce que le peuple? C'était l'ignorance. Qu'était-ce que la religion?

the revolution in its dawn. When he was born Louis XIV. still reigned, when he died Louis XVI. reigned already; so that his cradle could see the last rays of the great throne, and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss. [Applause.]

Before going further, let us come to an understanding, gentlemen, upon the word abyss. There are good abysses: such are the abysses in which evil is engulfed. [Bravo!]

Gentlemen, since I have interrupted myself, allow me to complete my thought. No word imprudent or unsound will be pronounced here. We are here to perform an act of civilization. We are here to make affirmation of progress, to pay respect to philosophers for the benefits of philosophy, to bring to the eighteenth century the testimony of the nineteenth, to honor magnanimous combatants and good servants, to felicitate the noble effort of peoples, industry, science, the valiant march in advance, the toil to cement human concord; in one word, to glorify peace, that sublime, universal desire. Peace is the virtue of civilization; war is its crime. [Applause.] We are here, at this grand moment, in this solemn hour, to bow religiously before the moral law, and to say to the world, which hears France, this: There is only one power, conscience in the service of justice; and there is only one glory, genius in the service of truth. [Movement.] That said, I continue.

Before the revolution, gentlemen, the social structure was this:

At the base, the people;

Above the people, religion represented by the clergy;

By the side of religion, justice represented by the magistracy.

And, at that period of human society, what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice. Am I going too far in my words? | Judge.

I will confine myself to the citation of two facts, but decisively.

C'était l'intolérance. Et qu'était-ce que la justice ? C'était l'injustice.

Vais-je trop loin dans mes paroles ? Jugez-en.

Je me bornerai à citer deux faits, mais décisifs.

A Toulouse, le 13 octobre 1761, on trouve dans la salle basse d'une maison un jeune homme pendu. La foule s'ameute, le clergé fulmine, la magistrature informe. C'est un suicide, on en fait un assassinat. Dans quel intérêt ? Dans l'intérêt de la religion. Et qui accuse-t-on ? Le père. C'est un huguenot, et il a voulu empêcher son fils de se faire catholique. Il y a monstruosité morale et impossibilité matérielle ; n'importe ! ce père a tué son fils, ce vieillard a pendu ce jeune homme. La justice travaille, et voici le dénoûment. Le 9 mars 1762, un homme en cheveux blancs, Jean Calas, est amené sur une place publique, on le met nu, on l'étend sur une roue, les membres liés en porte-à-faux, la tête pendante. Trois hommes sont là, sur l'échafaud, un capitoul, nommé David, chargé de soigner le supplice, un prêtre, qui tient un crucifix, et le bourreau, une barre de fer à la main. Le patient, stupéfait et terrible, ne regarde pas le prêtre et regarde le bourreau. Le bourreau lève la barre de fer et lui brise un bras. Le patient hurle et s'évanouit. Le capitoul s'empresse, on fait respirer des sels au condamné, il revient à la vie ; alors nouveau coup de barre, nouveau hurlement ; Calas perd connaissance ; on le ranime, et le bourreau recommence ; et comme chaque membre, devant être rompu en deux endroits, reçoit deux coups, cela fait huit supplices. Après le huitième évanouissement, le prêtre lui offre le crucifix à baiser, Calas détourne la tête, et le bourreau lui donne le coup de grâce, c'est-à-dire lui écrase la poitrine avec le gros bout de la barre de fer. Ainsi expira Jean Calas. Cela dura deux heures. Après sa mort, l'évidence du suicide apparut. Mais un assassinat avait été commis. Par qui ? Par les juges. (*Vive sensation. Applaudissements.*)



At Toulouse, October 13, 1761, there was found in a lower story of a house, a young man hanged. The crowd gathered, the clergy fulminated, the magistracy investigated. It was a suicide; they made of it an assassination. In what interest? In the interest of religion. And who was accused? The father. He was a Huguenot, and he wished to hinder his son from becoming a Catholic. There was here a moral monstrosity and a material impossibility; no matter! This father had killed his son; this old man had hanged this young man. Justice travailled, and this was the result. On the month of March, 1762, a man with white hair, Jean Calas, was conducted to a public place, stripped naked, stretched upon a wheel, the members bound upon it, the head hanging. Three men are there upon a scaffold, a magistrate, named David, charged to superintend the punishment, a priest to hold the crucifix, and the executioner with a bar of iron in his hand. The patient, stupefied and terrible, regards not the priest, and looks at the executioner. The executioner lifts the bar of iron, and breaks one of his arms. The victim groans and swoons. The magistrate comes forward; they make the condemned inhale salts; he returns to life. Then another stroke of the bar; another groan. Calas loses consciousness; they revive him, and the executioner begins again; and, as each limb before being broken in two places receives two blows, that makes eight punishments. After the eighth swooning the priest offers him the crucifix to kiss; Calas turns away his head, and the executioner gives him the *coup de grace*; that is to say, crushes in his chest with the thick end of the bar of iron. So died Jean Calas.

That lasted two hours. After his death, the evidence of the suicide came to light. But an assassination had been committed. By whom? By the judges. [Great sensation. Applause.]

Another fact. After the old man, the young man. Three

Autre fait. Après le vieillard le jeune homme. Trois ans plus tard, en 1765, à Abbeville, le lendemain d'une nuit d'orage et de grand vent, on ramasse à terre sur le pavé d'un pont un vieux crucifix de bois vermoulu qui depuis trois siècles était scellé au parapet. Qui a jeté bas ce crucifix ? Qui a commis ce sacrilège ? On ne sait. Peut-être un passant. Peut-être le vent. Qui est le coupable ? L'évêque d'Amiens lance un monitoire. Voici ce que c'est qu'un monitoire : c'est un ordre à tous les fidèles sous peine de l'enfer, de dire ce qu'ils savent ou croient savoir de tel ou tel fait ; injonction meurtrière du fanatisme à l'ignorance. Le monitoire de l'évêque d'Amiens opère ; le grossissement des commérages prend les proportions de la dénonciation. La justice découvre, ou croit découvrir, que dans la nuit où le crucifix a été jeté à terre, deux hommes, deux officiers, nommés l'un Labarre, l'autre d'Étallonde, ont passé sur le pont d'Abbeville, qu'ils étaient ivres, et qu'ils ont chanté une chanson de corps de garde. Le tribunal, c'est la sénéchaussée d'Abbeville. Les sénéchaux d'Abbeville valent les capitouls de Toulouse. Ils ne sont pas moins justes. On décerne deux mandats d'arrêt. D'Étallonde s'échappe, Labarre est pris. On le livre à l'instruction judiciaire. Il nie avoir passé sur le pont, il avoue avoir chanté la chanson. La sénéchaussée d'Abbeville le condamne ; il fait appel au parlement de Paris. On l'amène à Paris, la sentence est trouvée bonne et confirmée. On le ramène à Abbeville, enchaîné. J'abrège. L'heure monstrueuse arrive. On commence par soumettre le chevalier de Labarre à la question ordinaire et extraordinaire pour lui faire avouer ses complices ; complices de quoi ? d'être passé sur un pont et d'avoir chanté une chanson ; on lui brise un genou dans la torture ; son confesseur, en entendant craquer les os, s'évanouit ; le lendemain, le 5 juin 1766, on traîne Labarre dans la grande place d'Abbeville ; là flambe un bûcher ardent ; on lit sa sentence à

years later, in 1765, at Abbeville, the day after a night of storm and high wind, there was found upon the pavement of a bridge an old crucifix of worm-eaten wood, which for three centuries had been fastened to the parapet. Who had thrown down this crucifix? Who committed this sacrilege? It is not known. Perhaps a passer by. Perhaps the wind. Who is the guilty one? The Bishop of Amiens launches a *monitoire*. Note what a *monitoire* was: it was an order to all the faithful, on pain of hell, to declare what they knew or believed they knew of such or such a fact; a murderous injunction, when addressed by fanaticism to ignorance. The *monitoire* of the Bishop of Amiens does its work; the town gossip assumes the character of the crime charged. Justice discovers, or believes it discovers, that on the night when the crucifix was thrown down, two men, two officers, one named La Barre, the other d'Etallonde, passed over the bridge of Abbeville, that they were drunk, and that they sang a guard-room song. The tribunal was the Seneschalcy of Abbeville. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville was equivalent to the court of the Capitouls of Toulouse. It was not less just. Two orders for arrest were issued. D'Etallonde escaped, La Barre was taken. Him they delivered to judicial examination. He denied having crossed the bridge; he confessed to having sung the song. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville condemned him; he appealed to the Parliament of Paris. He was conducted to Paris; the sentence was found good and confirmed. He was conducted back to Abbeville in chains. I abridge. The monstrous hour arrives. They begin by subjecting the Chevalier de La Barre to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to make him reveal his accomplices. Accomplices in what? In having crossed a bridge and sung a song. During the torture one of his knees was broken; his confessor, on hearing the bones crack, fainted away. The next day, June

Labarre, puis on lui coupe le poing, puis on lui arrache la langue avec une tenaille de fer, puis, par grâce, on lui tranche la tête, et on le jette dans le bûcher. Ainsi mourut le chevalier de Labarre. Il avait dix-neuf ans. (*Longue et profonde sensation.*)

Alors, ô Voltaire, tu poussas un cri d'horreur, et ce sera ta gloire éternelle! (*Explosion d'applaudissements.*)

Alors tu commenças l'épouvantable procès du passé, tu plaidas contre les tyrans et les monstres la cause du genre humain, et tu la gagnas. Grand homme, sois à jamais béni! (*Nouveaux applaudissements.*)

Messieurs, les choses affreuses que je viens de rappeler s'accomplissaient au milieu d'une société polie; la vie était gaie et légère, on allait et venait, on ne regardait ni au-dessus ni au-dessous de soi, l'indifférence se résolvait en insouciance, de gracieux poètes, Saint-Aulaire, Boufflers, Gentil-Bernard, faisaient de jolis vers, la cour était pleine de fêtes, Versailles rayonnait, Paris ignorait; et pendant ce temps-là, par férocité religieuse, les juges faisaient expirer un vieillard sur la roue et les prêtres arrachaient la langue à un enfant pour une chanson. (*Vive émotion. Applaudissements.*)

En présence de cette société frivole et lugubre, Voltaire, seul, ayant là sous ses yeux toutes ces forces réunies, la cour, la noblesse, la finance; cette puissance inconsciente, la multitude aveugle; cette effroyable magistrature, si lourde aux sujets, si docile au maître, écrasant et flattant, à genoux sur le peuple devant le roi (*Bravo!*); ce clergé sinistrement mélangé d'hypocrisie et de fanatisme, Voltaire, seul, je le répète, déclara la guerre à cette coalition de toutes les iniquités sociales, à ce monde énorme et terrible, et il accepta la bataille. Et quelle était son arme? celle qui a la légèreté du vent et la puissance de la foudre. Une plume. (*Applaudissements.*)

5, 1766, La Barre was drawn to the great square of Abbeville, where flamed a penitential fire; the sentence was read to La Barre; then they cut off one of his hands; then they tore out his tongue with iron pincers; then, in mercy, his head was cut off and thrown into the fire. So died the Chevalier de La Barre. He was nineteen years of age. [Long and profound sensation.]

Then, O Voltaire! thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be thine eternal glory! [Thunders of applause.]

Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead, against tyrants and monsters, the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever! [Renewed applause.]

Gentlemen, the frightful things which I have recalled were accomplished in the midst of a polite society; its life was gay and light; people went and came; they looked neither above nor below themselves; their indifference had become carelessness; graceful poets, Saint-Aulaire, Boufflers, Gentil-Bernard, composed pretty verses; the court was all festival; Versailles was brilliant; Paris ignored what was passing; and then it was that, through religious ferocity, the judges made an old man die upon the wheel, and the priests tore out a child's tongue for a song. [Vivid emotion. Applause.]

In the presence of this society, frivolous and dismal, Voltaire alone, having before his eyes those united forces, the court, the nobility, capital; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so severe to subjects, so docile to the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling upon the people before the king [Bravo!]; that clergy, vile *mélange* of hypocrisy and fanaticism; Voltaire alone, I repeat it, declared war against that coalition of all the social iniquities, against that enormous and terrible world, and he accepted battle with it. And what was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the

Avec cette arme il a combattu, avec cette arme il a vaincu.

Messieurs, saluons cette mémoire.

Voltaire a vaincu, Voltaire a fait la guerre rayonnante, la guerre d'un seul contre tous, c'est-à-dire la grande guerre. La guerre de la pensée contre la matière, la guerre de la raison contre le préjugé, la guerre du juste contre l'injuste, la guerre pour l'opprimé contre l'oppressur, la guerre de la bonté, la guerre de la douceur. Il a eu la tendresse d'une femme et la colère d'un héros. Il a été un grand esprit et un immense cœur. (*Bravos.*)

Il a vaincu le vieux code et le vieux dogme. Il a vaincu le seigneur féodal, le juge gothique, le prêtre romain. Il a élevé la populace à la dignité de peuple. Il a enseigné, pacifié et civilisé. Il a combattu pour Sirven et Montbailly comme pour Calas et Labarre; il a accepté toutes les menaces, tous les outrages, toutes les persécutions, la calomnie, l'exil. Il a été infatigable et inébranlable. Il a vaincu la violence par le sourire, le despotisme par le sarcasme, l'infailibilité par l'ironie, l'opiniâtreté par la persévérance, l'ignorance par la vérité.

Je viens de prononcer ce mot, le sourire, je m'y arrête. Le sourire, c'est Voltaire.

Disons-le, messieurs, car l'apaisement est le grand côté du philosophe, dans Voltaire l'équilibre finit toujours par se rétablir. Quelle que soit sa juste colère, elle passe, et le Voltaire irrité fait toujours place au Voltaire calmé. Alors, dans cet œil profond, le sourire apparaît.

Ce sourire, c'est la sagesse. Ce sourire, je le répète, c'est Voltaire. Ce sourire va parfois jusqu'au rire, mais la tristesse philosophique le tempère. Du côté des forts, il est moqueur, du côté des faibles, il est caressant. Il inquiète l'oppressur et rassure l'opprimé. Contre les grands, la raillerie; pour les petits, la pitié. Ah! soyons émus de ce sourire. Il a eu des clartés d'aurore. Il a

wind and the power of the thunder-bolt. A pen. [Applause.]

With that weapon he fought; with that weapon he conquered.

Gentlemen, let us salute that memory.

Voltaire conquered; (Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind, and an immense heart.) [Bravos.]

He conquered the old code and the old dogma. He conquered the feudal lord, the gothic judge, the Roman priest. He raised the populace to the dignity of people. He taught, pacificated, and civilized. He fought for Sirven and Montbailly, as for Calas and La Barre; he accepted all the menaces, all the outrages, all the persecutions, calumny, and exile. He was indefatigable and immovable. (He conquered violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth.)

I have just pronounced the word *smile*. I pause at it. Smile! It is Voltaire.

Let us say it, gentlemen, pacification (*apaise-ment*?) is the great side of the philosopher: in Voltaire the equilibrium always re-establishes itself at last. Whatever may be his just wrath, it passes, and the irritated Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire calmed. Then in that profound eye the SMILE appears.

That smile is wisdom. That smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. That smile sometimes becomes laughter, but the philosophic sadness tempers it. Toward the strong, it is mockery; toward the weak, it is a caress. It disquiets the

illuminé le vrai, le juste, le bon, et ce qu'il y a d'honnête dans l'utile; il a éclairé l'intérieur des superstitions; ces laideurs sont bonnes à voir; il les a montrées. Étant lumineux, il a été fécond. La société nouvelle, le désir d'égalité et de concession et ce commencement de fraternité qui s'appelle la tolérance, le bonne volonté réciproque, la mise en proportion des hommes et des droits, la raison reconnue loi suprême, l'effacement des préjugés et des partis pris, la sérénité des âmes, l'esprit d'indulgence et de pardon, l'harmonie, la paix, voilà ce qui est sorti de ce grand sourire.

Le jour, prochain sans nul doute, où sera reconnue l'identité de la sagesse et de la clémence, le jour où l'amnistie sera proclamée, je l'affirme, là-haut, dans les étoiles, Voltaire sourira. (*Triple salve d'applaudissements. Cris : Vive l'amnistie !*)

Messieurs, il y a entre deux serviteurs de l'humanité qui ont apparu à dix-huit cents ans d'intervalle un rapport mystérieux.

Combattre le pharisaïsme, démasquer l'imposture, terrasser les tyrannies, les usurpations, les préjugés, les mensonges, les superstitions, démolir le temple, quitte à le rebâtir, c'est-à-dire à remplacer le faux par le vrai, attaquer la magistrature féroce, attaquer le sacerdoce sanguinaire, prendre un fouet et chasser les vendeurs du sanctuaire, réclamer l'héritage des déshérités, protéger les faibles, les pauvres, les souffrants, les accablés, lutter pour les persécutés et les opprimés; c'est la guerre de Jésus-Christ; et quel est l'homme qui fait cette guerre? C'est Voltaire. (*Bravos.*)

L'œuvre évangélique a pour complément l'œuvre philosophique; l'esprit de mansuétude a commencé, l'esprit de tolérance a continué; disons-le avec un sentiment de respect profond, Jésus a pleuré, Voltaire a souri, c'est de cette larme divine et de ce sourire humain qu'est faite la



oppressor, and reassures the oppressed. Against the great, it is raillery; for the little, it is pity. Ah, let us be moved by that smile! It had in it the rays of the dawn. It illuminated the true, the just, the good, and what there is of worthy in the useful. It lighted up the interior of superstitions. Those ugly things it is salutary to see; he has shown them. Luminous, that smile was fruitful also. The new society, the desire for equality and concession, and that beginning of fraternity which called itself tolerance, reciprocal good-will, the just accord of men and rights, reason recognized as the supreme law, the annihilation of prejudices and fixed opinions, the serenity of souls, the spirit of indulgence and of pardon, harmony, peace—behold what has come from that great smile!

On the day—very near, without any doubt—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, the day when the amnesty will be proclaimed, I affirm it, up there, in the stars, Voltaire will smile. [Triple-salvo of applause. Cries, *Vive l'amnestie!*]

Gentlemen, between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation.

To combat Pharisaism; to unmask imposture; to overthrow tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions; to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it, that is to say, to replace the false by the true; to attack a ferocious magistracy; to attack a sanguinary priesthood; to take a whip and drive the money-changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, the poor, the suffering, the overwhelmed to struggle for the persecuted and oppressed,—that was the war of Jesus Christ! And who waged that war? It was Voltaire.

The completion of the evangelical work is the philosophical work; the spirit of meekness began, the spirit

douceur de la civilisation actuelle. (*Applaudissements prolongés.*)

Voltaire a-t-il souri toujours? Non. Il s'est indigné souvent. Vous l'avez vu dans mes premières paroles.

Certes, messieurs, la mesure, la réserve, la proportion, c'est la loi suprême de la raison. On peut dire que la modération est la respiration même du philosophe. L'effort du sage doit être de condenser dans une sorte de certitude sereine tous les à peu près dont se compose la philosophie. Mais, à de certains moments, la passion du vrai se lève puissante et violente, et elle est dans son droit comme les grands vents qui assainissent. Jamais, j'y insiste, aucun sage n'ébranlera ces deux augustes points d'appui du labeur social, la justice et l'espérance, et tous respecteront le juge s'il incarne la justice, et tous vénéreront le prêtre s'il représente l'espérance. Mais si la magistrature s'appelle la torture, si l'Église s'appelle l'Inquisition, alors l'humanité les regarde en face et dit au juge: Je ne veux pas de ta loi! et dit au prêtre: Je ne veux pas de ton dogme! je ne veux pas de ton bûcher sur la terre et de ton enfer dans le ciel! (*Vive sensation. Applaudissements prolongés.*) Alors le philosophe courroucé se dresse, et dénonce le juge à la justice, et dénonce le prêtre à Dieu! (*Les applaudissements redoublent.*)

C'est ce qu'a fait Voltaire. Il est grand.

Ce qu'a été Voltaire, je l'ai dit; ce qu'a été son siècle je vais le dire.

Messieurs, les grands hommes sont rarement seuls; les grands arbres semblent plus grands quand ils dominent une forêt, ils sont là chez eux; il y a une forêt, c'est le dix-huitième siècle. Parmi ces esprits, il y a des cimes, Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, et deux entre autres, les plus hautes après Voltaire,—Rousseau et Diderot. Ces penseurs ont appris aux hommes à raisonner; bien

of tolerance continued. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: JESUS WEPT; VOLTAIRE SMILED. Of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization. [Prolonged applause.]

Did Voltaire always smile? No. He was often indignant. You remarked it in my first words.

Certainly, gentlemen, measure, reserve, proportion are reason's supreme law. We can say that moderation is the very respiration of the philosopher. The effort of the wise man ought to be to condense into a sort of serene certainty all the approximations of which philosophy is composed. But at certain moments, the passion for the true rises powerful and violent, and it is within its right in so doing, like the stormy winds which purify. Never, I insist upon it, will any wise man shake those two august supports of social labor, justice and hope; and all will respect the judge if he is embodied justice, and all will venerate the priest if he represents hope. But if the magistracy calls itself torture, if the Church calls itself Inquisition, then Humanity looks them in the face, and says to the judge: I will none of thy law! and says to the priest: I will none of thy dogma! I will none of thy fire upon the earth and thy hell in the future! [Wild sensation. Prolonged applause.] Then philosophy rises in wrath, and arraigns the judge before justice, and the priest before God! [Redoubled applause.] /

This is what Voltaire did. It was grand.

What Voltaire was, I have said; what his age was, I am about to say.

Gentlemen, great men rarely come alone; large trees seem larger when they dominate a forest; there they are at home. There was a forest of minds around Voltaire; that forest was the eighteenth century. Among those minds there were summits, Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, and among others, two, the highest after Voltaire—

raisonner mène à bien agir, la justesse dans l'esprit devient la justice dans le cœur. Ces ouvriers du progrès ont utilement travaillé. Buffon a fondé le naturalisme ; Beaumarchais a trouvé, au delà de Molière, une comédie inconnue, presque la comédie sociale ; Montesquieu a fait dans la loi des fouilles si profondes qu'il a réussi à exhumer le droit. Quant à Rousseau, quant à Diderot, prononçons ces deux noms à part ; Diderot, vaste intelligence curieuse, cœur tendre altéré de justice, a voulu donner les notions certaines pour bases aux idées vraies, et a créé l'*Encyclopédie* ; Rousseau a rendu à la femme un admirable service, il a complété la mère par la nourrice, il a mis l'une auprès de l'autre ces deux majestés du berceau ; Rousseau, écrivain éloquent et pathétique ; profond rêveur oratoire, a souvent deviné et proclamé la vérité politique ; son idéal confine au réel ; il a eu cette gloire d'être le premier en France qui se soit appelé citoyen ; la fibre civique vibre en Rousseau ; ce qui vibre en Voltaire, c'est la fibre universelle. On peut dire que, dans ce fécond dixhuitième siècle, Rousseau représente le Peuple ; Voltaire, plus vaste encore, représente l'Homme. Ces puissants écrivains ont disparu ; mais ils nous ont laissé leur âme, la Révolution. (*Applaudissements.*)

Oui, la Révolution française est leur âme. Elle est leur émanation rayonnante. Elle vient d'eux ; on les retrouve partout dans cette catastrophe bénie et superbe qui a fait la clôture du passé et l'ouverture de l'avenir. Dans cette transparence qui est propre aux révolutions, et qui à travers les causes laisse apercevoir les effets et à travers le premier plan le second, on voit derrière Diderot Danton, derrière Rousseau Robespierre, et derrière Voltaire Mirabeau. Ceux-ci ont fait ceux-là.

Messieurs, résumer des époques dans des noms d'hommes, nommer des siècles, en faire en quelque sorte

Rousseau and Diderot. Those thinkers taught men to reason; reasoning well leads to acting well; justness in the mind becomes justice in the heart. Those toilers for progress labored usefully. Buffon founded naturalism; Beaumarchais discovered, outside of Molière, a kind of comedy till then unknown, almost the social comedy; Montesquieu made in law some excavations so profound that he succeeded in exhuming the right. As to Rousseau, as to Diderot, let us pronounce those two names apart; Diderot, a vast intelligence, inquisitive, a tender heart, a thirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the encyclopædia. Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse, placing near one another those two majesties of the cradle. Rousseau, a writer, eloquent and pathetic, a profound oratorical dreamer, often divined and proclaimed political truth; his ideal borders upon the real; he had the glory of being the first man in France who called himself citizen. The civic fibre vibrates in Rousseau; that which vibrates in Voltaire is the universal fibre. One can say that in the fruitful eighteenth century, Rousseau represented the people; Voltaire, still more vast, represented Man. Those powerful writers disappeared, but they left us their soul, the Revolution. [Applause.]

Yes, the French Revolution was their soul. It was their radiant manifestation. It came from them; we find them everywhere in that blest and superb catastrophe, which formed the conclusion of the past and the opening of the future. In that clear light, which is peculiar to revolutions, and which beyond causes permits us to perceive effects, and beyond the first plan the second, we see behind Danton Diderot, behind Robespierre Rousseau, and behind Mirabeau Voltaire. These formed those.

Gentlemen, to sum up epochs, by giving them the names

des personnages humains, cela n'a été donné qu'à trois peuples, la Grèce, l'Italie, la France. On dit le siècle de Périclès, le siècle d'Auguste, le siècle de Léon X, le siècle de Louis XIV, le siècle de Voltaire. Ces appellations ont un grand sens. Ce privilège, donner des noms à des siècles, exclusivement propre à la Grèce, à l'Italie et à la France, est la plus haute marque de civilisation. Jusqu'à Voltaire, ce sont des noms de chefs d'états ; Voltaire est plus qu'un chef d'états, c'est un chef d'idées. A Voltaire un cycle nouveau commence. On sent que désormais la suprême puissance gouvernante du genre humain sera la pensée. La civilisation obéissait à la force, elle obéira à l'idéal. C'est la rupture du sceptre et du glaive remplacés par le rayon ; c'est-à-dire l'autorité transfigurée en liberté. Plus d'autre souveraineté que la loi pour le peuple et la conscience pour l'individu. Pour chacun de nous, les deux aspects du progrès se dégagent nettement, et les voici : exercer son droit, c'est-à-dire, être un homme ; accomplir son devoir, c'est-à-dire, être un citoyen.

Telle est la signification de ce mot, le siècle de Voltaire ; tel est le sens de cet événement auguste, la Révolution française.

Les deux siècles mémorables qui ont précédé le dix-huitième l'avaient préparé ; Rabelais avertit la royauté dans Gargantua, et Molière avertit l'Eglise dans Tartuffe. La haine de la force et le respect du droit sont visibles dans ces deux illustres esprits.

Quiconque dit aujourd'hui : *la force prime le droit*, fait acte de moyen âge, et parle aux hommes de trois cents ans en arrière. (*Applaudissements répétés.*)

Messieurs, le dix-neuvième siècle glorifie le dix-huitième siècle. Le dix-huitième propose, le dix-neuvième conclut. Et ma dernière parole sera la constatation tranquille, mais inflexible, du progrès.

of men, to name ages, to make of them in some sort human personages, has only been done by three peoples, Greece, Italy, France. We say, the Age of Pericles, the Age of Augustus, the Age of Leo X, the Age of Louis XIV, the Age of Voltaire. Those appellations have a great significance. This privilege of giving names to periods belonging exclusively to Greece, to Italy, and to France, is the highest mark of civilization. Until Voltaire, they were the names of the chiefs of states; Voltaire is more than the chief of a state; he is a chief of ideas; with Voltaire a new cycle begins. We feel that henceforth the supreme governmental power is to be thought. Civilization obeyed force; it will obey the ideal. It was the sceptre and the sword broken, to be replaced by the ray of light; that is to say, authority transfigured into liberty. Henceforth, no other sovereignty than the law for the people, and the conscience for the individual. For each of us, the two aspects of progress separate themselves clearly, and they are these: to exercise one's right; that is to say, to be a man; to perform one's duty; that is to say, to be a citizen.

Such is the signification of that word, the Age of Voltaire; such is the meaning of that august event, the French Revolution.

The two memorable centuries which preceded the eighteenth, prepared for it; Rebelais warned royalty in Gargantua, and Molière warned the church in Tartuffe. Hatred of force and respect for right are visible in those two illustrious spirits.

Whoever says to-day, *might makes right*, performs an act of the Middle Ages, and speaks to men three hundred years behind their time. [Repeated applause.]

Gentlemen, the nineteenth century glorifies the eighteenth century. The eighteenth proposed, the nineteenth concludes. And my last word will be the declaration, tranquil but inflexible, of progress.

Les temps sont venus. Le droit a trouvé sa formule: la fédération humaine.

Aujourd'hui la force s'appelle la violence et commence à être jugée, la guerre est mise en accusation; la civilisation, sur la plainte du genre humain, instruit le procès et dresse le grand dossier criminel des conquérants et des capitaines. (*Mouvement.*) Ce témoin, l'histoire, est appelé. La réalité apparaît. Les éblouissements factices se dissipent. Dans beaucoup de cas, le héros est une variété de l'assassin. (*Applaudissements.*) Les peuples en viennent à comprendre que l'agrandissement d'un forfait n'en saurait être la diminution, que si tuer est un crime, tuer beaucoup n'en peut pas être la circonstance atténuante (*Rires et bravos*), que si voler est une honte, envahir ne saurait être une gloire. (*Applaudissements répétés*), que les Tedeums n'y font pas grand'chose, que l'homicide est l'homicide, que le sang versé est le sang versé, que cela ne sert à rien de s'appeler César ou Napoléon, et qu'aux yeux du Dieu éternel on ne change pas la figure du meurtre parce qu'au lieu d'un bonnet de forçat on lui met sur la tête une couronne d'empereur. (*Longue acclamation. Triple salve d'applaudissements.*)

Ah! proclamons les vérités absolues. Déshonorons la guerre. Non, la gloire sanglante n'existe pas. Non, ce n'est pas bon et ce n'est pas utile de faire des cadavres. Non, il ne se peut pas que la vie travaille pour la mort. Non, ô mères qui m'entourez, il ne se peut pas que la guerre, cette voleuse, continue à vous prendre vos enfants. Non, il ne se peut pas que la femme enfante dans la douleur, que les hommes naissent, que les peuples labourent et sèment, que le paysan fertilise les champs et l'ouvrier féconde les villes, que les penseurs méditent, que l'industrie fasse des merveilles, que le génie fasse des prodiges, que la vaste activité humaine multiple en présence du ciel étoilé les



The time has come. The right has found its formula: human federation.

To-day, force is called violence, and begins to be judged; war is arraigned. Civilization, upon the complaint of the human race, orders the trial, and draws up the great criminal indictment of conquerors and captains. [Emotion.] This witness, History, is summoned. The reality appears. The factitious brilliancy is dissipated. In many cases, the hero is a species of assassin. [Applause.] The peoples begin to comprehend that increasing the magnitude of a crime cannot be its diminution; that, if to kill is a crime, to kill much cannot be an extenuating circumstance [Laughter and bravos.]; that, if to steal is a shame, to invade cannot be a glory [Repeated applause.]; that *Te Deums* do not count for much in this matter; that homicide is homicide; that bloodshed is bloodshed; that it serves nothing to call one's self Cæsar or Napoleon; and that in the eyes of the eternal God, the figure of a murderer is not changed because, instead of a gallows cap, there is placed upon his head an emperor's crown. [Long continued acclamation. Triple salvo of applause.]

Ah! let us proclaim absolute truths. Let us dishonor war. No; glorious war does not exist. No; it is not good, and it is not useful, to make corpses. No; it cannot be that life travails for death. No; oh, mothers who surround me, it cannot be that war, the robber, should continue to take from you your children. No; it cannot be that women should bear children in pain, that men should be born, that people should plow and sow, that the farmer should fertilize the fields, and the workmen enrich the city, that industry should produce marvels, that genius should produce prodigies, that the vast human activity should, in presence of the starry sky, multiply efforts and creations, all to result in that frightful international exposition which

( efforts et les créations, pour aboutir a cette épouvantable exposition international qu'on appelle un champ de bataille! )  
*(Profonde sensation. Tous les assistants sont debout et acclament l'orateur.)*

Le vrai champ de bataille, le voici. C'est ce rendezvous des chefs-d'œuvre du travail humain que Paris offre au monde en ce moment.

La vraie victoire, c'est la victoire de Paris. *(Applaudissements.)*

Helas ! on ne peut se le dissimuler, l'heure actuelle, si digne qu'elle soit d'admiration et de respect, a encore des côtés funèbres : il y a encore des ténèbres sur l'horizon ; la tragedie des peuples n'est pas finie ; la guerre, la guerre scélérate, est encore là, et elle a l'audace de lever la tête à travers cette fête auguste de la paix. Les princes, depuis deux ans, s'obstinent à un contre-sens funeste, leur discord fait obstacle à notre concorde, et ils sont mal inspirés de nous condamner à la constatation d'un tel contraste.

Que ce contraste nous ramène à Voltaire. En présence des éventualités menaçantes, soyons plus pacifiques que jamais. Tournons-nous vers ce grand mort, vers ce grand esprit. Inclignons-nous devant les sépulcres vénérables. Demandons conseil à celui dont la vie utile aux hommes s'est éteinte il y a cent ans, mais dont l'œuvre est immortelle. Demandons conseil aux autres puissants penseurs, aux auxiliaires de ce glorieux Voltaire, à Jean Jacques, à Diderot à Montesquieu. Donnons la parole à ces grandes voix. Arrêtons l'effusion du sang humain. Assez ! assez ! despotes. Ah ! la barbarie persiste, eh bien, que la philosophie proteste. Le glaive s'acharne, que la civilisation s'indigne. Que le dix-huitième siècle vienne au secours du dix-neuvième ; les philosophes nos prédécesseurs sont les apôtres du vrai, invoquons ces illustres fantômes ; que, devant les monarchies rêvant les guerres, ils proclament le droit de l'homme à la

is called a field of battle! [Profound sensation. The whole audience rises and applauds the orator.]

The true field of battle, behold it here! It is this rendezvous of the masterpieces of human labor which Paris offers the world at this moment.\*

The true victory is the victory of Paris. [Applause.]

Alas! we cannot hide it from ourselves, that the present hour, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still some mournful aspects; there are still shadows upon the horizon; the tragedy of the peoples is not finished; war, wicked war, is still there, and it has the audacity to lift its head in the midst of this august festival of peace. Princes, for two years past, obstinately adhere to a fatal misunderstanding; their discord forms an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired to condemn us to the statement of such a contrast.

Let this contrast lead us back to Voltaire. In the presence of menacing possibilities, let us be more pacific than ever. Let us turn toward that great death, toward that great life, toward that great spirit. Let us bend before the venerated tombs. Let us take counsel of him whose life, useful to men, was extinguished a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us take counsel of the other powerful thinkers, the auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire, of Jean Jacques, of Diderot, of Montesquieu. Let us give the word to those great voices. Let us stop the effusion of human blood. Enough! enough! despots. Ah! barbarism persists; very well, let civilization be indignant. Let the eighteenth century come to the help of the nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of the true; let us invoke those illustrious shades; let them, before monarchies meditate wars, proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the

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\* The exposition of 1878 was then open in Paris.

vie, le droit de la conscience à la liberté, la souveraineté de la raison, la sainteté du travail, la bonté de la paix ; et puisque la nuit sort des trônes, que la lumière sorte des tombeaux ! (*Acclamation unanime et prolongée. De toutes parts éclat le cri : Vive Victor Hugo !*)



sovereignty of reason, the holiness of labor, the beneficence of peace; and since night issues from the thrones, let the light come from the tombs. [Acclamations unanimous and prolonged. From all sides bursts the cry: "Vive Victor Hugo."]



## THE THREE GREAT POEMS.

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Goethe's "Symbol of Human Life."

George Eliot's "Choir Invisible."

Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

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The burning words of Victor Hugo for Peace and Progress, Humanity and Federation, are fitly sustained by the three world-poems, which, as the grandest expressions of the Teutonic, English and American peoples, are worthy to be associated with Hugo's voice of regenerated republican France. Together, these four great utterances give the completest solution and the purest inspiration of the new view of life and duty which is now held by the advanced souls of the great peoples of modern civilization.

GOETHE, in the simplest words, makes the Mason's Lodge a symbol and a picture of the life and march of the human race through the vista of the ages with their ever-continuing arch of blue. He sings their joys, fears, duty, reward and hope as the sum of human history in a dramatic lyric never as yet equaled in simplicity, beauty, sublimity and depth of meaning.

GEORGE ELIOT gives an angel's voice to the aspirations of the individual as part of that great kindred whose united thoughts, works and voices live as the "Choir Invisible." Its opening and closing lines are singularly beautiful and clear. The intermediate paragraph is not so plain, but yields to a little attention. It tells of the victory of the higher self, when this life of "rebellious flesh is quick dissolved and its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,

die in the large and charitable air." Then this truer self that "watched and laboriously traced," sees within itself the worthier and "divinely human," the Divine Humanity, which "raised worship, mixed with love, to higher experience." That better self within us all, that can body forth such an ideal, shall live till "human Time" and the "human sky" "be gathered like a scroll within the tomb, unread forever." The thought of this part of the poem may not be easy to catch at first, but it will be the more precious as it dawns slowly upon the mind and heart.

LONGFELLOW's immortal verses need no introduction to America's children. They may be said to assume as a base the wonderful panorama of Goethe's symbol, with its grand human destiny; also the aspiration of the individual for the "Choir Invisible," and finally it brings all these to support and inspire the practical daily work of life.

These four are the great voices of the Century, and of the new hopes of human nature. They are worthy to supplement the old Prayers and Psalms. Let them "be learned by heart" and be buried in the heart. From thence they will give forth streams of courage, hope, energy and consolation "in dark hours and in bright." Let them also bring us all into sympathy as the rallying words of the new era.

T. B. WAKEMAN.

NEW YORK,  
March 25, Era of Man, 283, A. D. 1883.

## CARLYLE'S INTRODUCTION TO GOETHE'S SYMBOL.

[From "*Past and Present*," Book III.]

My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe's on our lips; a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout yet wholly credible and veritable, full of piety yet free of cant; to me, joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German Man, sounds like a stanza in the grand *Road song* and *Marching song* of our great Teutonic Kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deeps of Time! He calls it *Mason-Lodge*—not Psalm or Hymn:—

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### THE LODGE.

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#### SYMBOLUM.

Des Maurers Wandeln,  
Es gleicht dem Leben,  
Und sein Bestreben,  
Es gleicht dem Handeln  
Der Menchen auf Erden.

Die Zukunft decket  
Schmerzen und Glücke.  
Schrittweis dem Blicke;  
Doch ungeschreckt  
Dringen wir vorwärtz,

Und schwer und ferne  
Hängt eine Hülle  
Mit Ehrfurcht. Stille  
Ruhn oben die Sterne  
Und unten die Gräber.

#### THE SYMBOL.

The Mason's ways are  
A type of Existence,  
And his persistence  
Is as the days are  
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow;  
We press still thorow,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,  
Veiled, the dark Portal,  
Goal of all mortal:—  
Stars silent rest o'er us,  
Graves under us silent.



Betracht' sie genauer,  
Und siehe, so melden  
Im Busen der Helden  
Sich wandelnde Schauer  
Und ernste Gefühle.

Doch rufen von drüben  
Die Stimmen der Geister,  
Die Stimmen der Meister:  
"Versäumt nicht, zu üben  
Die Kräfte des Guten !

"Hier winden sich Kronen  
In ewiger Stille,  
Die sollen mit Fülle  
Die Thätigen lohnen !  
Wir heissen euch hoffen !"

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantasm and error,  
Perplexes the bravest,  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,—  
Heard are the Sages,  
The Worlds and the Ages :  
"Choose well, your choice is  
Brief and yet endless !

"Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness ;  
Here is all fullness,  
Ye brave, to reward you ;  
Work, and despair not !"

The following is a linear and literal version. As a chaunt it may be preferable in this form. We hope that a still better translation may yet be made.

The Mason's ways  
Are types of life ;  
And all his strife  
Symbols the days  
Of MAN on Earth.

The Future must hide  
Its joys and sorrow ;  
Stepwise, the Morrow  
Undaunted to bide,  
We press ever on.

Heavy and afar  
There hangs the veil, fraught  
With reverence: Naught  
Saith above the star,  
Naught beneath the grave.

Consider it near —  
See !—thence ever starts  
Within Heroes' hearts  
Ever changing fear,  
And earnest feelings.

Yet from YONDER, call  
The Spirits' voices—  
The Masters' voices :  
"Use mindful of all  
The powers of the Good.

"Here crowns are a-weaving  
In eternal stillness,  
Always with their fullness  
The Active rewarding:  
We bid you; work and hope."

T. B. W.

# THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

O may I join the choir invisible,  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing as beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child  
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;  
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.  
And all our rarer, better, truer self,  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burden of the world,  
Laboriously tracing what must be,  
And what may yet be better—saw within  
A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
And shaped it forth before the multitude  
Divinely human, raising worship so  
To higher reverence more mixed with love—  
That better self shall live till human Time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb  
Unread forever.

This is the life to come  
Which martyred men have made more glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
 That purest heaven, be to other souls  
 The cup of strength in some great agony,  
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
 And in diffusion ever more intense.  
 So shall I join the choir invisible  
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

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## A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

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*What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist.*

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Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow;  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act,—act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.









